

open his guts, but I hid my
home, and my hands hung
began the strangling process.
ceived that the assassin was
part of his gigantic strength,
tols and a dagger in the left
I made some efforts to tell
to to turn me toward the tank
ried him, but as I was going
ritoristic rant, I was torn from
no longer escape me, he was
enemies, who thereby afforded
had attacked me from behind,
unprovided with any means of
pon, an opportunity to either

